

DOCTOR JACK.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

Author of "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Baron Sam," "Miss Pauline of New York," "Miss Caprice," etc.

The friendly fight is almost within reach when the two bulls are sent with their victim. There is a cloud of dust in a hollow, and the form of a man is seen whirling through the air to land among the half-dazed spectators, perhaps to be captured by the broken ring.

Now the shouting starts over. Such a roar as that is well worth the price of admission. The red bull is a hero, his movements the jockeys.

In just such a excitement Jack suddenly remembers that he is sitting next to a lady. He hears her clasp her little gloved hands with the rest, and her voice cries "bravo! Althrough his face has not turned to the right, he has seen the Turkish pasha looking in his direction. At first Jack thinks it is him, but the strange expression on the other's face quickens his thoughts. Ah! it must be the face of Mercedes, who has gained the old Turk's attention. She has probably done as Jack expected she would—thrown back her gayly val' under the eyes of the amazons.

Somehow the very thought of gazes upon her features gives Jack a strange feeling, so that he does not turn instantly.

When he does he looks upon a vision of beauty which might charm one to have to hate the sex—it is a genuine Spanish fare, but one that Murillo would have loved to paint. As a rule the women of Spain have beauty to the last degree, but this is not the case with this fair—but Jack can hardly say he has never yet set eyes on a face of such ravishing loveliness as that of Mercedes.

He glances at her, and the spectators in admiring her attention; but it is not the mere fact of her beauty that causes him to look spell-bound. He has now forgotten the exquisite fare, and is ready to swear a marvelous though it seems, that the Catalan beauty, girl of Barcelona, and Sister Agatha are before him, united in this girl—Mercedes.

CHAPTER III.

It is a most astounding discovery that Doctor Jack has just made, and he will not be easily satisfied for his money. He has been given a dozen seconds.

There can be no mistake. Jack is ready to wager half his fortune on the fact that he is gazing upon the face of the girl he has just seen. The man who bathed his head with spring of cologne after his encounter with the Iberian bull, but this does not explain the deep mystery that hangs over the affair.

His heart tires out soon, and his tormentors retire at a blast from the trumpet, their place being taken by hand-banderilleros, who advance and cast their darts with lightning speed. Gaudy streamers and rosettes are attached to these, and the bull soon looks like a prize of a show.

At the same time something of fury is seen in him, though he almost loses his balance. The tormentors retreat to their work—the trumpet again sounds.

"It is Pedro's turn," says Don Carlos, who has been an excited spectator of the scene, and in his eagerness almost forgets that he has companions at his elbow.

The great audience suddenly calm down. No longer shouts arise, not even a handkerchief or two. The interest of the spectator of either the bull or his master, who steps into the arena.

It is evident that some one appears, and this excited crowd realises the fact which accounts for the sudden silence.

The matador faces the bull, and receives his attack, not flying from it as do the other actors in the drama. He is in the first time since casting back her veil Mercedes turns toward the American. She sees the look upon his face, knows that he has recognised her, and places a finger upon her red lips in a way that indicates silence.

"You shall know all in good time, Senor Evans," reaches her ear, and the next instant she is pointing into the distance. "Look at Pedro Vasquez, Senor American. Did you ever see a braver man?" He stands before the toro perfectly fearless. See, he waves his red cape, and the crowd goes wild. Watch a Spaniard give the *coup de grace*. You have faced the half-starved bulls in Mexico, Don Carlos says, but they cannot compare with our noble brutes. It is a sight to see the bull in front of the bull, for instance, senor."

Jack does not reply, how can he argue with a beautiful lady, and vaunt his own prowess too? It goes without saying, so he smiles and bows his head again.

The bull makes up his mind. The critical moment has arrived, and down upon the brave matador he dashes. It looks as though the ponderous animal would burst his body, but has dropped upon one knee, as if to receive the assault, his straight sword, with its keen point, surmounted; but this position has been assumed only in a spirit of bravado by the executioner, who knows too much to retain it long, er.

The little red mules held by the left hand to one side engages the attention of the crowd. With glaring, reddened eyes and steaming nostrils he bears down upon it.

Master on the horse, Vasquez has his Toledo blade held out with a firm hand, his eye fixed upon the spot no higher than the "callos" of the mule, between the left shoulder and the spine, where the point of the weapon must enter.

Thousands hold their breath in suspense of the moment. A misstep will cause the reputation of the matador to suffer.

Jack feels a small hand clutching his arm. It is Mercedes, who, bending forward, hardly realises what she is doing, for it is her interest in the drama below.

Of course the American does not move that hand—it might clasp him thus for hours, and he would find grace

in the eyes of the world, who decides the matador's fate with the whole bull-fighting community up.

As the remnant of the first brigade cannot be bribed or forced to enter the ring again, the door is open to the next, and the best that can be put out of the way with a tackle provided for this purpose. Thus the ring is substantially cleared for the second scene of the quick round.

Enter hand-banderilleros with brave men, bright ribbons flying, and to the music of a quickstep by the band. Jack imagines that unless these men are well, he will presently have occasion to play the Dead March in Saul, for there is blood in the eye of the bull.

He waits until one of them plants an explosive dart in his heart, and then the game is done. The point of the sword has touched the marked spot on his breast, and the onward rush drives the blade through the lungs—up to the heart.

The hand-banderilleros, against the pinking, and a second only saves himself by clinging to the horns of the bull, which animal, by a toss of his powerful head, sends him into the crowd.

While this scene is taking place the people have forgotten that they have longed. The equal of this ebony king has not been seen before. The arena is now one with a peculiar feeling of sleep. First this one is chased, and then that other—such is the rapidity of the toro's advances that the men are bewildered by it.

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News has come that although Pedro Vasquez will live, he has been so thoroughly knocked out that he could not regain his feet this day before a recurring bull.

What now? The management apparently have made no preparation for the arrival of an avenger. At present it pleases the royal animal to play with his anticipated victim much as a cat might with a mouse.

The man who has led the life of a Texan cowboy for several years is apt to know something about wild bulls, and the people much are annoyed, but who will undertake the job? After what has passed, it is all a man's life is worth to enter the arena with that fierce animal, and to risk his life, and Doctor Jack is not in this game as a reckless fool, however much his admiring compatriots in the foreign quarter may be inclined.

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What is that? Some Englishmen and Americans, delighting in fair play, are about to give the show. Bravo! old Pedro Vasquez!

The hero of the day, the single struggle against his fatal award, wipes it upon the carcass of his antagonist, makes a low bow, first in the direction of the spectators, and then turns around and walks away, his coat aching.

There is a general reserve of gasps upon her features gives Jack a strange feeling, so that he does not turn instantly.

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CHAPTER IV.

Admiration for bravery is not confined to the American, but the world respects those qualities in a man which are not shared by the toro. The world, whether it be in the arena or without, blushing, whether in front of a mad bull or as a captive tied to the stake with the funeral pyre about him.

Mercedes, the American's speech a buzz goes around the world, and quickly swells into a tremendous roar, for all the world challenges the bull.

Jack, the hand-banderillero, has a pair of shears which have been playing havoc with the mad bull of a devil.

He is a picture for a master. Mercedes, with clasped hands, gazes and draws in inspiration—she looks as though the man in the arena were a god, and she is about to make words that will thrill him like electricity:

"I adore a brave man!"

The tableau is broken.

It is the bull that makes the first move. He has seemed to want more danger from the time Pedro Vasquez entered the arena, and at the same time some subtle power has given the brute to understand that he now comes to the rescue of his master.

Jack sees a pair of midnight eyes upon him, the colour mounts to his face, and, turning, he looks at Mercedes. Her words seem before him in letters of fire. Can he not see that?

"I am a toro!"

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...XMAS NEEDS...

—For your Cake, Plum Pudding, or Mince meat—

Five off-stalk Raisins, 4 lbs. for 25c.

Select off-stalk Raisins, 35 lbs. for 25c.

Imperial Liqueur Raisins, 3 lbs. for 25c.

Nice Valencia Raisins, 10 lbs. per lb.

Electric Cleaned Stemless Currants, 3 lbs for 25c.

Finest Table Currants, 4 lbs. for 25c.

New Peas, 25c per lb.

Finest Table Figs, 15c per lb.

Genuine Oll English Minced Meat, 10c per package.

When you want to have a particularly nice spread use Heinz's Pickles—best goods in the world. Select White Onions, 35c. Select Gherkins, 35c. Mixed Sweet Pickles, 35c. Keystone Dressing, 35c.

TAYLOR & MORRIS.

QUICKCURE

There's many
a Slip

Accidents will happen—burns and scalds are bound to occur in the best regulated family. Serious results will be avoided—pain will rapidly disappear—new skin will form in three days, if the burn or scald is promptly covered with a plaster made with

"Quickcure"

Your druggist sells it in 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 White Glass Pots, with necessary list for applying, or you can write direct to

THE QUICKCURE COMPANY, LTD., QUICKCURE, CAN.

QUICKCURE

New Advertisements This Week.

New Found—The Challenge.

Headline Notes—F. A. Ford & Co.

—Wells & Richardson Co.

Legal Notices—Haines & Lockett.

Obituary Notices—W. H. D. & Co.

General Notes—A. M. Vining.

Winter Goods—A. M. Vining.

Great Sale Week—Rafford & Son.

Great Sale Week—Vaslin Bros.

Antique Works—J. E. Bowes.

Furniture—J. E. Bowes.

Not Forged—J. E. Bowes.

H. H. Bowes.

To the Point—Vaslin Bros.

Annual Meeting—E. J. Madden.

Napanee Beaver

The Legislature of Ontario is sum-

mmed to meet for the transaction of

business, Wednesday, 10th February.

The French Canadians who emigrated to Brazil last summer, to work on the

plantations and better their circum-

stances, did not know how well they

were off in Canada. Since their ar-

ival many of them have died of fever,

others were unable to stand the work

and climate, and many were unable to

obtain employment. Already some of

them have arrived home and the bal-

ance are awaiting assistance from the

British or Canadian governments to pay

their passage home.

At the consecration of Bishop Thorne

the new Anglican Bishop of Algoma at

Quebec on the 6th inst., Archdeacon

Roe presented the new Bishop with a

handsome address from his brethren, the

clergy of the diocese, which was beauti-

fully illuminated by our respected

townsmen, Rev. Arthur Jarvis, Rector of

Napanee, and son-in-law of Archdeacon

Roe. At the close of the address a

handsome cross suitably inscribed was

hung around the neck of the new

Bishop by the Bishop of Quebec. Arch-

deacon Roe asked him to give his

brethren his first blessing, which he did

very solemnly and touchingly, all the

clergy present kneeling before him.

YARKER

Lots of the "beautiful" now and on every hand—frocks and coats, and toques, and hats, and

the accessories, all in town, we have almost

had a wood famine, but it is coming in quite

The water is very low in the river at present.

Rev. Dr. Cawley, family arrived in town on

Tuesday.

Mr. Gordon is quite low at present.

The school is closed, and the country

near Martin's school house.

House at Moore's one day last week by which a

young lad had a part of three fingers broken off

which were cut off with a wire.

can which exploded. Dr. Oldham, of this town,

was present, and he tried to prevent the Warden

from doing so, but he did not do so.

The Warden then thanked the members of

the Council for the honor they had conferred

on him, an honor especially to his district.

The Clerk read communications from Miss

M. A. Cawley, Napanee, and Mr. J. W. Ed-

ward, of Toronto, on the subject of the ex-

periment. On motion filed for future references.

Moved by Mr. Oliver, seconded by Mr.

Bryden, that the Clerk be directed to

inform Mr. Cawley, that he is to be

seconded.

Moved by Mr. Syrington, seconded by Mr.

Martin, that the Warden and Clerk be

instructed to strike the Standing

Committee. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Oliver, seconded by Mr.

Bryden, that the Council adjourn to strike the

Standing Committee to the 10 o'clock to-morrow

morning. Carried.

Second Day—WEDNESDAY

Council met at 10 a.m. All the members

present. The Warden presiding.

Minutes of yesterday's session were read

and confirmed.

The second of second audited was first

read up.

Moved by Mr. Allison, seconded by Mr.

Bryden, that the Warden be directed to

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